

THE
WOODY QUIRISTERS;

O R,

The BIRDS HARMONY.

IN TWO PARTS.

*When Birds could speak, and Women they
Had neither good nor bad to say,*

*|| The pretty Birds, fill'd with pain,
Did to each other thus complain.*

TUNE, The Bird-Catcher's Delight.

Enter'd according to Order.



OH! says the Cuckoo, loud and stout,
I flie the country round about,
Whilst other birds my young ones feed,
And I myself do stand in need.

Then, says the Sparrow, on her nest,
I lov'd a lass, but it was in jest,
And ever since that self same thing,
I made a vow I neer would sing.

In came the Robin, and thus he said,
I lov'd once a well favour'd maid;

Her beauty kindled such a spark,
That on my breast I bear the mark.

Then said the Lark, upon the grass,
I lov'd once a well favour'd lass;
But she would not hear her true love sing,
Tho' he'd a voice would charm a king.

Then said the Blackbird, as he fled,
I lov'd one, but she is dead,
And ever since my love I do lack;
Which is the cause I mourn in black.

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Oh! said the bonny Nightingale;
Then I must end my mournful tale;
While others sing, I sit and mourn,
Leaning my breast against a thorn.
Ah! says the Water-wag-tail, then
I ne'er shall be myself again,
I lov'd one, but could not prevail,
That is the cause I wag my tail.

Then said the pretty colour'd Jay;
My dearest love is fled away,
And in remembrance of my dear,
A feather of every sort I ware.

Then said the leather wing'd Batt,
Mind but my tale, and I'll tell what
Is the cause that I do fly by night,
Because I lost my heart's delight.

Then said the Green-finch, as she flew,
I lov'd one that prov'd untrue,
And since she can no more be seen,
Like a love-sick maid I turn to green.

Then did begin the chattering Swallow,
My love is gone, but I'll not follow,
And now upon the chimney high,
I sing forth my poor melody.

Oh! says the Owl, my love is gone,
That I so much did doat upon,
I know not how my love to follow,
But after her I hoot and hollow.

Then says the Lapwing, as she flies;
I search the meadows and the skies,
But cannot find my love again;
So that I lie in daily pain.

Then said the Thrush, I squeak and sing,
Which doth to me no comfort bring;
For oftentimes I, at mid-night,
Record my love and heart's delight.

The Canary-Bird, she then came in,
To tell her tale she doth begin;
I am of my dear love bereav'd,
So I have my own country left.

The Chafinch, oh! then begins to speak;
For love, quoth he, my heart will break;
I grieve so for my only dear,
I sing but two months in the year.

Then quoth the Magpye; I was crost
In love, and now my dear is lost;
And wanting of my heart's delight,
I mourn for him in black and white.

Oh! says the Rook, and eke the Crow;
The reason why in black we go,
It is because we are forsook;
Come pity us, poor Crow and Rook.
The Bulfinch, he in a rage,
And nothing could his wrath assuage,
So in the woods he would not dwell,
But spend his time in lonely cell.

Thus you have heard the birds complaint,
Taking delight in their restraint.
Let this to all a pattern be,
For to delight in constancy.

PART II

Down as I lay, one morning in May,
My hands they were coupled fast,
My heart rejoic'd to hear the pleasant voice
Of the birds in the air as they pass'd.
Then comes the Nightingale, and she begins
Speaking her words so plain, (to sing,
I prithee, kind heart, take in good part,
And love, when thou art lov'd again.
Then says Tom Titty-mouse, there's some
That will change nine times in a day. (men
Oh, then says the Wren, there's some women
That will change as often as thee.
Oh, then says the Crow, if it be so,
I'll give you leave to smite off my head;
For a man is so unjust no woman can him
Until the very day he is dead. (trust,
Oh, then says the Pye, tell me the reason
That you judge so hardly of men? (why
Oh, says the Lark, I speak it from my heart,
The women are worse than them.
Oh, then says the Dove, I once had a love,
And she lov'd me very kind.
Oh, then says the Rook, I'll swear it on a
Such another is hard to find. (book,
Oh, then says the Jay, I care not a straw,
Although I do chuse me a mate.
Oh, then says the Thrush, you shall have her
And take her at a lower rate. (in a bush,
Oh, then says th' Duck, I wish you better luck
Than a man that I did know, (room,
When he's from home there's another in his
And so says the Cuckoo too.